



VOL. III. No. 16.)

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

{WHOLE No. 118.

A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

REGINALD'S REVENGE; OR, THE ROD & REPROBATION.

BY MISS S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,
Author of "Heart-Drops from Memory's Urn;" "The Hidden Heart;" "Herbert Hamilton, or, The Bas Blue;" "The Stranger's Stratagem, or The Double Deceit;" "Alice Afton;" "The Bug Oracle," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

The ungovernable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And, courage never to submit or yield.
Milton.

LITTLE Ralph's life-path was now smooth and peaceful. After the rough storm, upon the deep waters of distress and desolation, he had been moored, by an unseen Hand, into a calm and secure haven.

Ralph was grateful, and believed firmly in the existence of a God, now, but the bitter waters of hate and revenge would rise in his soul, sometimes, when he retrospective his past condition, and inundate his better feelings.

He had now, time enough for study, and a kind helper in the amiable Mrs. Hartwell, so far as her capacity extended, and he progressed with surprising rapidity. Mr. Hartwell also, assisted him, when his daily labors were done, and a cheerful winter fire crackled upon the clean hearth, and through the long summer evenings. Ralph had won the hearts of the aged and, hired servant, by his cheerful industry and truthful genial nature. "What his hand found to do, he did it with his might," and nothing was left undone, upon the premises, that his watchful eyes and willing hands could perceive and accomplish.

Relieved from constant fear and oppression, his little lean form expanded and rounded, and his large black eyes sparkled and smiled with health and happiness, over two plump and ruddy cheeks. It was universally conceded, by all who saw him in his new home, that Ralph Reginald was "a beautiful boy."

Mr. Hartwell was not a rich man, but well to do, in the world"—respected for his veracity and inflexible probity, and loved by all his neighbors, for his benevolence and genuine piety. His house was the "preacher's home," when the itinerant minister filled an appointment at the little brown country church, hard by the honest farmer's humble but comfortable habitation, and Ralph had the benefit of their instructions and counsel, during their transient visits. His thirst for knowledge, and precocity interested them and rendered him an object of peculiar favor with the travelling clergy.

Ralph had attended the country school two sessions and astonished his tutor and fellow-students, by his rapid advancement, when Mr. Brown was appointed to the Roanoke Circuit by the Methodist Episcopal Conference, in the boy's sixteenth year.

Mr. Brown was soon arrested by the youth's talents and embryo greatness, and devised a plan for his promotion, which was, to enter him at Chapel Hill College, as a beneficiary.

Ralph's heart palpitated with an accelerated movement, at the prospect, and bright, golden visions of "much learning," flitted through his young, ambitious brain.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell acceded to the good man's proposal, for the boy's benefit, reluctantly saw him depart with his Rev. benefactor. Ralph was duly installed as a member of the Institution, and well he repaid his friend's attention and interest, by his steady application, and unimpeachable conduct.

studies with a zeal and whole-heartedness, characteristic of the oppressed orphan-boy poring over his greasy primer, in Mrs. Fenton's gloomy garret.

At twenty-three, he was duly qualified and admitted to the Bar, and had stood up in the hall of justice, in the little shire-town of W—, before his admiring master, and successfully defended his first client. Ralph's progress was steadily upward and onward.

At a cloud came over his sky, in the death of his loved and loving foster-father, when the sun of prosperity shone brightly upon the morning of his manhood; and ere he had attained his twenty-fifth year, Ralph had shed tears of sorrow and affection, upon two graves in the little, dim church-yard!—Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, side by side, "slept well," and the monument that Ralph erected to their memory, told the living who "viewed the ground," that "they died in the Lord."

Mr. Hartwell bequeathed his little worldly possessions to his foster-son, and with his long-lines, came a yearning for change of scene, to the young man's heart. He converted his little property into gold, and with eleven hundred d—ls in his purse, Ralph mounted his own horse, and looked a last farewell upon the little cottage, through the maples, where his most prosperous hours had been passed, now no longer coveted, since they who had made it "home" to his orphan heart, would nevermore sit and smile beneath its moss-grown roof!

Ralph retraced the road he had traversed ten years before, and gathering a leaf from the old tree in which he had slept, a friendless homeless little boy, the strong-hearted, gifted lad eagerly about him for his old friend and host—uncle Jacob. He had resolved to obtain an interview, if he were yet in the land of the living.

A wide field stretched away between him and the mansion, over which broad, level area, the young spring corn gently bent in the light evening breeze, and our traveller's black eyes scrutinized with pleasant anticipations.

Squire Hamlin's progeny were six in number—four sons arrived at man's estate, and two daughters, the younger of whom had just crossed the line of "sweet sixteen."

There was now assembled a number of the young people of the neighborhood, in honor of Mr. Fenton's family, who would return to town on the following day. The "Squire" was giving his wife's relatives a farewell entertainment. Ralph could not have arrived at a more propitious moment for his own private enjoyment.

He recognized his old mistress at a glance, and the old-time surge of bitterness rolled over his heart, as he looked; and Ralph turned in the direction of the well-known sound, with brightening eyes. Uncle Jacob had just heaved in sight from behind the fence-corner, his hoe passing execution among the cloids, as he marched, half bent, with both sinewy arms bare to the shoulders, and slouched his broad-shouldered body.

Ralph hated Mrs. Fenton, as deeply as he had loved his gentle foster-mother; it had "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength"—become radical in his nature, and he was self-pledged to revenge his past wrongs, if human ingenuity could accomplish it, even at any personal sacrifice! He would not reflect that "vengeance is mine, I will repay!"

"Squire Hamlin, sah—I b'longs to 'im, sah."

Ralph started, at the name—he had not heard it, ten years before.

"Get lodgings there-to-night, you reck-on, uncle?"

"Yez zur—mity nice man—"eis—never turns a dog frum' is doo ye kin star, sare-tin'-g'me chaw turbaw, ish ye pleas zur, ish ye got any?"

Ralph smiled, at the memory of other days.

"Yes, uncle—here's a plug of real honey-dew, for you."

"Dat's good! thank's sah—saugh!" the old negro grunted with satisfaction, as he crammed the weed into his wide mouth, till, cheek stuck out like a squirrel's with an acorn in his jaw!"

"Good luck ter ye maister!—may ye never need a chair, ner a place ter sleep in—that's de tru!"

"I've acquired the habit since I saw you, uncle—you don't remember me, eh?"

The old negro opened his white eyes to their utmost tension, and scrutinized the traveller.

"No, sah—dunno's I ever seen ye twell dis minet—fore de Lord!"

"You gave me a ride in your ox-cart, ten years ago, uncle, when I was a little boy, looking for a home."

"Yay—aun' d'd-dot ar little ragged boy, sah!"

"Exactly—who slept in your cabin that night, uncle Jacob."

"Gosh-a-mity how you growed!—he-a! he-a! I's orful glad ter see ye 'gin sab—dat's de tru!" old Jacob squirmed about a gill of tobacco-juice upon a young corn-stalk, in his excitement—"golly! I never spetted ter see ye 'gin in dis world—fore de Lord! You's got rich den, I reckons, a rate patty man to dat's de tru!—he-a! he-a!"

"Then perhaps I may stand a chance to carry off one of your young ladies, uncle—got any, up there?"

"Yez-zur, two uv um, me young mis-ses, an' one young leddy frum' de town, cousin ter me young mis-ses—puttied little leddy ye ever set eyes on, sah—ain't tellin' ye no lie, nuther, dat's de tru!"

"Ah, indeed? I'm passionately fond of feminine beauty—what's her name, uncle?"

"Miss Nellie Fenton, sah; ole mis-ses brother's daughter—puttied little leddy dis side uv heben, I spech—forede Lord!—He an' good as putty—dat's de tru!"

A strange sensation thrilled through Ralph's heart, at this disclosure. He had frequently seen the Hamlin's, at Mrs. Fenton's, and had he entered that mansion ten years before, he would have been recognized and sent back, in all probability. Ralph thanked Heaven for his providential escape.

But there was no fear of arrest and recognition, now, and he felt a keen desire to behold Nellie's beauty, and test his old mistress' memory. He would assume his foster-father's name, for the occasion, and sound her feelings for her whilom "partner boy," now that the said boy had exposed her hypocrisy, through the medium of the Press, in a literary article; for Ralph's yearning for revenge had not passed away from his childhood, and Mrs. Fenton had deeply felt the sting of its viper fang!

There was romance in his plot—it aided all his faculties, and urging forward his horse, Ralph alighted at the gate, and was invited by Squire Hamlin, into the hospitable Virginia mansion.

CHAPTER VI.

"Memory broods o'er me, like a tempest-cloud."

LARGE company was grouped about the drawing room, as Ralph entered, with grave dignity, and a heart brimful of pleasant anticipations.

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"I've acquired the habit since I saw you, uncle—you don't remember me, eh?"

As polish ivory, while the large mild and liquid hazel eyes, of the clearest and richest hue of sapphire shades, looked merrily through long curving lashes of sable blackness.

Ralph's eyes rested lingeringly upon the beautiful young maiden, as he remembered how those little jeweled, sea shell-like ears, had often suffered martyrdom for his sake, and that tiny white forefinger had many a time officiated in the capacity of pointer, as their little heads met and bumped, over his greasy primer.

He wondered how Nellie had been educated, by such a master as her once was—

"How he got to college I can't comprehend," lisped the sanctified Mrs. Fenton; "though I rejoice in his success and pray daily for his reformation. I trust that time will teach him the error of his ways, and change his perverse nature."

She sighs with pious solicitude for the poor prodigal!

Mrs. Fenton smiled with proud complacency, as she watched his fascinating face; she was vain of her daughter's beauty, as a soul contracted as hers could be—as Nellie, herself, was unconscious of it.

Had Nellie been other than handsome, her mother would have been like a white frost upon her young heart; now she was all sunshine and fondness,

Because she well knew, wishing still to be gay, Her charms would be lost, were she taken away."

Ralph observed the slightly startled expression that came over Nellie's sweet face, as their eyes first met, and the introverted appearance of those dark, thoughtful orbs, subsequently. Did she recognize him? were the dim notes of other days wafted over her spirit-eat again, and her thoughts turned backward, by the unforgetting song, to by-gone years, in wonder and half memory? Impossible he thought Nellie had ceased to remember the poor boy of ten years ago.

He watched her surreptitiously, and caught her thoughts eyes occasionally, as he waited for his opportunity.

She blushed at the repeated detection and eluded his vigilance, thereafter; but Ralph saw she was an attentive observer of his every word.

Ralph enjoyed his *ruse* hugely, and exerted all his powers of eloquence and erudition, to arrest and entertain her.

"A native of North Carolina, eh?" enquired the "Squire," during his *tele-a-tete* with the stranger guest.

"No sir, only a resident of some years."

Nellie looked full into his black eyes, at this confession, and confirmed his half-suspicion. He was determined to deceive her, and maintained a grave, unconscious air.

"Fine place, the old North State, I'm told," continued the "Squire."

"And I can bear testimony to the truth of that assertion, sir; next to the land of my nativity, I prize her and her children."

"Mean to return there, I suppose—only on a tour through the country, perhaps?"

Ralph gave him credit for Yankee shrewdness and inquisitiveness. "I am but a waif on the winds of chance, sir, having just buried my parents; fortune may assign me a sphere of action far from the home of my childhood—perhaps in the land of my nativity."

A shade of disappointment swept over Nellie's earnest face, at the allusion to his parents. Ralph saw her every expression. Had she not been the daughter of Mrs. Fenton, Ralph would have confessed to his own heart, that he was desperately in love with the beautiful girl, at first sight; but he would not be the son-in-law of his old mistress, for any consideration, and he steeled his heart to her youthful charms! Ralph Reginald was an incomprehensible man.

"Allow me to ask where that is, Mr.—"

"I am told—by the caged bird, bath flutter'd ceaselessly,

To escape the bondage, absence hath thrown around it;

But we're partied yet!"

Ralph planned for the future, and yet he had no intention of ever wooing the beautiful girl to become his wife, simply because she was the daughter of Mrs. Fenton! Then what was Ralph's design?

Reader, it was all comprehended in the one word, branded upon his heart, in long gone days, by the cold hand of oppression—REVENGE!

her, before the whole world, in an article dated at Chapel Hill! He's destined to an ignominious end, I'm afraid, with all his talent—such ingratitude and malice can't escape punishment, even in the present life!"

"Possible!" Ralph opened his eyes with well-feigned astonishment, while Nellie pulled her curl over her face, and Mrs. Fenton put on a most pious air of injured innocence!

"How he got to college I can't comprehend," lisped the sanctified Mrs. Fenton; "though I rejoice in his success and pray daily for his reformation. I trust that time will teach him the error of his ways, and change his perverse nature."

He turned towards her calmly, while his whole soul was on fire, kindled by her saint-like manner and bare-faced falsehood. He had never before seen her beyond her own domestic circle. Her religious assumption scorched his fine sensibilities.

"Then your prayers are answered, madam, for a more exemplary and better loved student never graduated at any college, with the highest honors. He left not a foot behind him, and though but a poor beneficiary, was highly respected and esteemed, both by the faculty and students. A scholarship was secured for him by a member of the North Carolina Conference, who in conjunction with other friends, learned, defrayed all necessary expenses, during his collegiate course. I have recently been informed that he is now an able and most eloquent lawyer, who bids fair to attain the highest dignity of the legal profession, in a few years."

Therefore, madam, it is true that 'the prayers of the righteous avail much.'—Ralph could hardly prevent the scorn in his heart from rising to his lips.

Mrs. Fenton smiled saint-like at this compliment, and softly expressed her gratification at the intelligence, while Nellie's fair face glowed with pleasure, as she averted it from her mother.

Ralph sank deeper in the ocean of admiration and tenderness for the sweet girl, whom he had last seen wrapped in rosy plumage as he whistled a sad farewell at her chamber door—at every change of her innocent lace, till a sigh of regret for Mrs. Fenton's existence, wandered thro' his inner life. Ralph was in a straight bewitchment.

During the evening, our hero managed adroitly, to secure the besieged beauty, as a conversational partner, and her intelligent, highly cultivated mind charmed him equally with her personal loveliness.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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WRITING FOR THE TIMES.

The Poems of Ossian.

BY R. F. OSGOOD.

The early history of olden countries is but very imperfectly represented to us of later years and generations. We have no extended record except such as is handed down by tradition and song. The pen of the historian has only lighted up, as it were, the page of modern times, while the events of hundreds of years are covered by a single sentence. The records of the hopes, fears, cares, joys and sorrows of millions of the human race are crowded together in confusion, and their ambition and struggles are alike covered by the dim mantle of obscurity.

However much our curiosity and interest may be excited by examining into the tradition of the past, we cannot help feeling and knowing that we are standing on uncertain ground. The mind of man, especially in an uncultivated or half cultivated state, is prone to magnify the virtues of the objects of its admiration, and thus the real and unreal are mixed together so insensibly, that truth gives place to uncertainty and error. The songs and sayings that pass down from sire to son, representing the deeds of heroes of former time, become exaggerated and truthless, or so deviate from true history that their truth is very questionable.

But notwithstanding the doubt as to the historical value of these fragments, some of them possess other merit which may not be passed over so lightly. Many of them have the fire of true poetry and the inspiration of true song. They may lack the polish that education gives, but they do not lack in impulse and vehemence. They are filled with the passion that sends a thrill through the soul. Though abounding with the elements of barbaric inspiration, they sometimes have that wondrous melody that is the spirit of song.

Of such as these are the poems of Ossian, that dreaming bard, whose music is so sad and yet so sweet that when the last strain has ceased to echo we pause almost entranced to see if there is not more to be sung. His melody is that of free winds and gilding waters. He sings of mighty warriors whose home was in the mountains, and whose spirits were as free as the air they breathed. He dwells on the battle field, by the lonely shore, and in the crowded hall. His spirit wanders back into the dreamy past, and he lingers amid the days of his youth; and he pierces the future and looks for rest when "the sun shall sink in the western wave."

Whatever doubt may have existed as to whether James Macpherson is the author of these poems, or whether "Ossian blind Ossian," the son of Fingal, touched them with his hand of fire, there has been but one opinion as to their merit and beauty. Bearing with them the free breath of the wild and rugged highlands, they stand alone in their peculiar attraction. They have all the majesty of the mountains—broken and abrupt—but still retaining a harmony, if not as perfect, as sweet as many a poem of much higher pretensions. They are filled with the elements of a high land nature. A wild and fearless spirit pervades them, but still mingled with sadness and melancholy, that we pause and wonder if the soul of the poet was as shadowed as his song. His numbers seem like the outpourings of a late, tempestuous gush of strength, but still bearing with them deeper and sadder echoes that penetrate to the deepest chambers of the heart. Tinged with melancholy as it is, what can be sweeter than this passage at the close of "Selma?"

"I hear the call of years; they say as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame. Roll on ye dark brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song have gone to rest. My voice remains like a blast that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees."

It would be difficult to enter into a strict analysis of these poems without a long and careful study. They are necessarily broken and imperfect, passing down as they have through successive generations, and collected at last through various sources and under various circumstances. We will not dwell now particularly on the long dispute as their probable origin—whether Macpherson gathered them from among the highlanders and put them in a readable form, or whether he was their original and sole author; but we will premise the former as the most reasonable belief. Like Homer, Ossian is represented as being blind, and he found a place in his hours of darkness in composing and repeating his songs. He soothed his anguish for the loss of his son Oscar, in the fairy realms of imagination; and with his harp turned to the weird spirit of his own soul, he composed in a creation which none of the birds had before trod. Touched by the hands of a master artist, the poem, like the picture, stands forth with a boldness of outline that has rarely been excelled. Every stroke is firm and original, and the coloring though brilliant is not too strong. The whole image is masculine and vigorous, and though it may lack some of the finer touches which give a superior beauty and finish to strength, they are not necessary for the solidity of the massive structure. It stands upon a rock—the foundation is firm and strong, and it cannot be swept away.

The age and nation of Ossian were evidently warlike. War was a profession among the clans of the highlands, and the bards sang the exploits and glories of heroes. They were a living history of what transpired, and the poetic and highly figurative language which they used lent to the hearts of the people, and inspired them with ardor and vehemence. The bards were looked upon as sacred, and their words stirred up the passions that otherwise might have laid dormant. Therefore we find most of their poems filled with the descriptions of battle and

bloodehd. A spirit of barbarism mingled with beautiful figures and fine description, are the principal characteristics of their productions.

"This is the poetry," says Blair in his admirable dissertation, "that we might expect from a barbarous nation. It breathes a most ferocious spirit. It is wild, harsh and irregular, but at the same time animal, full of invasions, and highly metaphorical and strong."

The spirit of Ossian have less of this savage spirit than those of his predecessors, and he wandered away in a new and undiscovered path. He has the same lofty style, but there is more gentility, sweetness, and beauty in his productions, and he reaches nearer to the standard of that perfection when the spirit of man's better nature triumphs over the brute. "There we find the life and enthusiasm," continues Blair, "of the most early times combined with an amazing degree of regularity and art. We find tenderness and even delicacy of sentiment greatly predominant over fierceness and barbarity. Our hearts are melted with the softest feelings, and at the same time elevated with the highest ideas of magnanimity, generosity, and true heroism. When we turn from the poetry of Lodbrok in the past, and still remain firm, "like the oak of Marven, which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the winds."

Waifs from Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "TIMES."

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1858.

Lent over—President's levee—Italian Opera—Mrs. Gwin's Fancy Ball—Cospicuous characters—Attack of Secretary Thompson—Col. Benton's death—New Book—June election—Disorder in Washington—a "sell"—Congressional affairs, etc.

The past week has been one of unusual gaiety here. Several private and public balls took place on Easter Monday night—an evidence that Lent was a suspension merely, not a cessation of the festivities of the Metropolis.

On Tuesday the usual semi-monthly reception took place at the White House. Mr. Buchanan looked exceedingly well. Mr. Selden, our new District Marshal, officiated for the first time in introducing the company to the President. The Grand Turk was among the notables present; and were it not for the peculiarly shaped crimson cap, which he always wears, he would scarcely be distinguishable from a good looking Frenchman or Pole.

The lovers of music are in raptures at the engagement of Max Maretzki's famous Italian Opera Troupe. They give four performances here, the first of which takes place to-morrow (Tuesday) night.

But now for a few words about the event of the season, Mrs. Gwin's fancy ball. For a month past the fashionable world of Washington has been on the *qui vive* about it, and our tailors and costumers have had their hands full. It was a memorable affair. The company of course comprised the *elite* of the Capitol, and a gay or grand scene has probably never graced an American ball-room. With every appearance, we behold the hero. The objects which he pursues are always truly great: to bend the proud; to protect the injured; to defend his friends; to overcome his enemies by generosity more than by force. A portion of the same spirit actuates all the other heroes. Valor reigns; but it is a generous valor, void of cruelty, animated by honor, not by hatred. We behold no debasing passions among Fingal's warriors; no spirit of avarice or insult; but a perpetual contention for fame—a desire of being distinguished and remembered for gallant actions; a love of justice, and a zealous attachment to their friends and their country. Such is the strain of sentiment in the works of Ossian.

The greatest faults that have been found with Ossian's poems are, that his style is too concise and abrupt, and his descriptions are defective in discrimination of character and variety of imagery. His sentences are short and to the point. He does not stop to lengthen them to give regularity or smoothness, but speaks what he has to say in as few words as possible. They have the sublimity of the mountains—rugged and vast—but they lack the romance of silvery streams, green fields, and waving woods, to enhance the scene. He stops from subject to subject and from character to character without a pause; now lingering amid simplicity and beauty, and anon rushing in a breath to the sublime and terrible. This abruptness is sometimes almost painful—the transition is too sudden and unexpected, and we pause like the bewildered traveller, looking on a strange and unknown scene where but a few moments before everything was familiar.

But this very conciseness in poems like Ossian's, has a wonderful power over the minds of men, when the words fall from the lips of a speaker. Moutony is a dead weight to a listener, but vanity awakens his sensibility. He is inspired with the feelings of the speaker, and all his soul is roused to action. "We can imagine what a powerful influence the songs of Ossian exerted over the wild clans of the highlands, while they entertained so deep a reverence for the bards. Wildness and abruptness were suited to their nature, and they required something to instill into their spirits that intensity which accompanied their actions. Ossian composed for his people and not for the future. His poems were recited and not written. We must not judge of his genius by comparing his poems with those of a later and more cultivated age, in which the thoughts of men have become polished and refined by the experience and study of centuries; but award him the fame due for his originality, power, and the wonderful beauty and sublimity that flows like a clear stream through his productions. The regularity which he attained is surprising, when we consider the difficulties that lay in his path, and the obstacles that he was obliged to surmount. He had no example by whose example he could profit, and whose manner he could copy. The state of society at that early age was such that genius could not thrive—it was seed in a barren soil, which gave it no nourishment. Men had no desire for anything but war and hunting—their existence was wild and rugged, and they had no pleasures in the more refined pursuits of life.

Highly figurative and metaphorical as are all of Ossian's compositions, there is but little variety of imagery or dissimilarity of description in his poems. The great objection to his imagery, is its uniformity and the too frequent repetition of the same comparison. In a work so thickly sown with similes, one could not but expect to find images of the same kind sometimes suggested to the poet by resembling objects; especially to a poet like

"Art thou as rich as thou art wise?

"Art thou as beautiful as dear?"

and proceeds to narrate in witching words how the young Bard has obtained the dominion of her poor heart. Our friend replied pathetically—

"I am not rich in dress of earth,

"Nor do I for it sigh—

"But in my heart are sparkling gems,

"That riches cannot buy."

And after many verses of thrilling interesting objects, especially to a poet like

Ossian, who wrote from the immediate impulse of poetic enthusiasm, and without much preparation of study or labor. His ideas extended little farther than to the objects he saw around him. A public's community, the universe, were conceptions beyond his sphere. Even a mountain, a sea, or a lake, which he has occasion to mention, though only in a simile, are for the most part particularized; it is the hill of Cromla, the storm of the sea of Malmo, or the reefs of the lake of Legos."

Blair says that Ossian's poetry has less of this spirit than those of his predecessors, and he wandered away in a new and undiscovered path. He has the same lofty style, but there is more gentility, sweetness, and beauty in his productions, and he reaches nearer to the standard of that perfection when the spirit of man's better nature triumphs over the brute. "There we find the life and enthusiasm," continues Blair, "of the most early times combined with an amazing degree of regularity and art. We find tenderness and even delicacy of sentiment greatly predominant over fierceness and barbarity. Our hearts are melted with the softest feelings, and at the same time elevated with the highest ideas of magnanimity, generosity, and true heroism. When we turn from the poetry of Lodbrok in the past, and still remain firm, "like the oak of Marven, which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the winds."

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THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.
ROD. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

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How He GUESSED!—Forty years ago, a man pretending considerable sagaciousness in foreseeing coming events, predicted that the go-ahead spirit of the New World would in the next 500 years so develop the resources for printing and the demand for reading, that the city of New York would sustain twenty daily and forty weekly Newspapers.

Alas for the vain imaginings of man! It has only been 40 of the 500 years, and New York now publishes one hundred and fifty four newspapers, and one hundred and fourteen magazines. Who can read the future, and tell what changes a few years may bring forth? Great changes have taken place, but perhaps greater are in reserve for the rising generation, and how many of the present prating young boys shall be sufficient for these things?

The Farmers' Bank.

The Stockholders of the Farmers' Bank held their annual meeting in Elizabeth City on the 5th inst. The committee on the condition of the bank, reported the bank perfectly solvent as to bill holders, there being a surplus of Ninety-one thousand and dollars over and above its liabilities. Resumption of specie payment was recommended.

THE REVIVAL.—The interest is increasing in the prayermeetings held in this place. Besides the union daily prayer-meetings, others are held at private houses and in the schools. Several young ladies both at Edgeworth and the College, have made a profession.

HENRY W. MILLER.—For a number of years, Henry W. Miller, of Raleigh has been looked upon as one of the most prominent Whigs in the State. We believe he did not affiliate with the American party, and last week, the Raleigh Standard published a letter from him declaring in full favor with Mr. Buchanan's administration. It has for some time been understood in the private circles of Raleigh that Mr. Miller was Democratic, but it had not been so published to the world previously to this letter.

DEATH OF COL. BENTON.—The Hon. Thomas Hart Benton died at his residence in Washington city on Saturday morning last at twenty five minutes before eight o'clock, in the 76th year of his age. Col. Benton, for near half a century, has occupied distinguished positions in the councils of the nation, and his name has been identified with almost every great measure which has, during that long space of time agitated the country. In industry and ability, few have exceeded him. He died in harness, working to the last for his country and mankind. He was engaged on his "Abridgement of the Debates of Congress," which he has brought down to 1850. Too weak to sit up, he dictated the closing chapter while prostrated upon his bed. And his voice becoming feeble his daughter, Mrs. Jones, sitting beside the bed, received it, sentence by sentence whispered in her ear, and repeated it aloud to her husband, who wrote it down. It was then read over to Col. Benton and received his corrections.

He spoke with much feeling of Mr. Clay, to whose merits and services he had awarded the highest praise in what he was writing about the Compromise period of 1850.

M. BENTON.—Mr. Benton was born near Hillsboro', Orange county, N. C., March 14, 1782. His father died when he was eight years old; his early education was imperfect; he was for some time at a grammar-school, and afterward at Chapel Hill, at the University, but finished no course of study there as his mother removed to Tennessee to settle on a tract of land belonging to his father's estate.

MAIL STOLEN.—The Montgomery Mail leaves from the agent at the depot at that place, that while the West Point train was stopped at Auburn, on Saturday night, to let the down-train pass, some very adroit rascals obstructed the Atlanta mail, and it is thought secured considerable booty.—The mail bag was afterwards found—emptied. The thief made his escape, having accomplished the business in most artful style.

Agricultural Colleges.

It may be that some of our readers have seen notice of a bill introduced into Congress, providing for the establishment of Agricultural Colleges in the several states of the Union, from a portion of the proceeds of the public lands. We say it may be that such a notice has been seen, because we think it exceedingly doubtful, from the fact that it has met with little attention from Congress and still less from the public press. Kansas, with its assumed principles, has from month to month engrossed the public mind; though the intrinsic merits of the points at issue do not possess a title of the importance and value to the government, embraced in the bill for the establishment of Agricultural Colleges. It is to be hoped, however, that the Kansas excitement is near its end, and that the calm to succeed may be devoted to labors for the good of the country, for the development of her resources and the building up of her internal wealth.

In a government of popular sentiment like ours, the press is the main moving power. It both furnishes the material and leads the direction of public thought—Hence it is important, it is indispensable, to gain the co-operation of the press in prosecuting with success any work of great importance. And in what direction shall we look for a more important work, than the enriching of our farming interest. If he is called a benefactor who, where one blade of grass grows before, can make two, what a grand field is opening for the exercise of beneficence by the general government.

For example, in some of our wheat growing states, fourteen bushels per acre is an averaged crop; while in some of the scientific farming countries of Europe the average crop is forty bushels per acre.—According to the last census report, the annual product of wheat is not less than 110,000,000 bushels. By the increased fertility of the land, it would be from the above estimate 300,000,000, which at 50 cents per bushel, would be equivalent to a donation of \$90,000,000 to the farmers of the country; more by \$20,000,000 than is required to carry on the entire machinery of our Federal Government. Is there nothing to be gained in the difference between fourteen and forty bushels of wheat to the acre?

And further, the exhaustion and deterioration of the soil by the modes of farming in the United States, has been estimated at ten cents per acre annually. There are about 130,000,000 acres of arable land in the United States. There must be, therefore, a loss of \$13,000,000 annually, and mostly for want of practical skill in reseeding of the land.

From these two items, by no means the most important, some idea may be gained of the good to result from the establishment of these Colleges. But how stands Congress as to the farming interests of the country? The annual expenditures of the government amount to \$70,000,000. And nearly this entire sum is consumed in supporting destructive agencies. The Army costs more than \$18,000,000, and the Navy more than \$12,000,000. While the Patent Office, the only creative and positively producing function of the government, designed to foster and promote inventive genius, to abridge human labor, and to bring comfort to every door, is compelled to support itself by exacting fees from inventors. Out of the \$70,000,000, it is true \$75,000 per annum have been appropriated for the purchase and distribution of seeds, plants, cuttings, &c. What a pittance! and yet even that must result in comparatively little good, since it lacks a system for experimenting, and each individual farmer must run the risk of the success of his own experiments.

We have merely introduced the subject in this brief article. Our object was to call the attention of the press and the public to the importance of the subject and to prepare for future discussions in which we hope to be able to show the design and benefit of such institutions; and the importance of immediate creative action of Congress.

GODEY for May is thus early upon our table, and as the spring and summer goods are being opened by the merchants everywhere, Godey comes just in time with an extra quantity of fashion plates and just the fashions that will be used. Terms 25 cents a number, or \$3. a year. For \$1 will send the *Times* and the Lady's Book one year.

And by the way, Mr. Godey, that extra slip of paper got into the wrong box; for reference to the March number of the Lady's Book, you will see a notice copied from the *Times*. And others have been made.

A MODERN JACK SHEPPARD.—John C. Crawford, convicted a year or two since in Wytheville, for breaking into a room and robbing a gentleman at Col. Boyd's Hotel, and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years, and who afterwards made his escape, was arrested in Morgan Co., Ky., about two months ago. He had broken into a store in that county and stolen about \$150, and soon being arrested, stated that he had broken out of thirteen jails and two penitentiaries, and that he did not intend that the jail of that county should hold him long. After being in jail for a week he succeeded in getting out by boring a hole in the ceiling with an iron rod, and climbing up onto the top of the jail, but before he could get down was captured again. He is now chained so that he can scarcely move himself about.

MAIL STOLEN.—The Montgomery Mail leaves from the agent at the depot at that place, that while the West Point train was stopped at Auburn, on Saturday night, to let the down-train pass, some very adroit rascals obstructed the Atlanta mail, and it is thought secured considerable booty.—The mail bag was afterwards found—emptied. The thief made his escape, having accomplished the business in most artful style.

THE NEWBERNE CELEBRATION.—It is understood that Dr. Hawks and Henry W. Miller, Esq., will deliver addresses at the Newberne celebration on the 29th inst.

Leisure Readings; or A Few of the best things we find in Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

The April number of Russell's Magazine commenced the second year of its publication and the editors took occasion to express their introductory to the new volume, some sentiments, in which we fully agree, on the relationship between

The South and her Literature.

The propriety and necessity of possessing fit organs of expression for Southern sentiment and opinion are everywhere acknowledged. Even beyond their limits, intelligent men perceive the advantages to the world of letters of securing fit literature for every various modification of thought and character. Although the Republic of literature is one, springing from the same source, and looking to the same great models and standards for suggestion and imitation, yet there are diversities in the forms in which they are followed—diversities growing out of the various modes of social life prevailing in different Nations. The South differs essentially in this respect, from all civilized countries. Our polity is different; our sentiments, the character and genius of our people are more or less shaped by the influence of our peculiar condition. Its results are of deep interest to every philosophic observer of men and of their affairs. Every such intelligent investigator of social forms and modes of thought, will desire to establish and preserve adequate channels of communication for all. Apart from every local or sectional motive of self-defence or self-assertion, there are reasons for multiplying the means for giving winged words to Southern sentiment which should and will have weight everywhere with all liberal thinkers.

There are some things yet wanting to secure the steady and swift advance of the Southern States in the most glorious of all fields of competition, that of literature and the arts. It is important for us to understand clearly what these things are. It is not merely a greater concentration of population beyond that which our pursuits have hitherto produced. Something more is needed—a great city is required to give a proper impulse to genius, to excite and reward its efforts. The whole of ancient Attica was not equal in size to a country or district of a Southern State. Other cities in Greece were as populous as Athens, and numbers of them in ancient and modern countries have been and are much more so. But in Sparta the popular attention was devoted to arms, in Corinth to wealth and commerce, in Thebes to the coarser enjoyments of sense. In no city, ancient or modern, has the enthusiastic admiration prevailed for poetry, oratory, sculpture, painting, that existed in Athens. The Athenians, crowded with garlands, listened all day long to the dramatic exhibitions of those wonderful writers whose works are still models unsurpassed in their less comprehensive limits of thought, action, and character. The audience appreciated justly, admired enthusiastically, and cherished fondly the brilliant minds that have made their city immortal. It is this deep sympathy that he lectured at the Mission Church in the upper part of the city, and again on Friday afternoon, in the Second Presbyterian Church. At each meeting he was greeted with a full house, evidencing an increased interest on the part of the children and the dormant but ready intellect of the Southern States. It must be fairly admitted that we have not hitherto taken the warm interest in the intellectual progress of our people that is found in the Eastern States. In Cambridge, at Yale, commencement is a State jubilee; a college honor is noted and recorded; every effort at profound scholarship or literary cultivation is encouraged and applauded. With us, beyond the persons who attend a commencement in Columbia, for other purposes, who exhibits the slightest interest in its speeches, poems or orations? Who inquires what head has been crowned with academic laurels, and what new promise of intellectual distinction has dawned on the fortunes or character of the State? From this one fact we may comprehend all that stands in the way of a more active and successful career for our Southern country in the world of letters. We must take a deeper, warmer, more systematic interest in every effort and undertaking. If to oppose the beginnings of evil be a sound maxim, to encourage the commencement of every honorable attempt in Art and Science is quite as important and imperative.

Grains of sand, one by one they build the mountain; and drop by drop the mighty basin of the deep is filled. A moment, how short time! Yet years are measured in moments, one by one—"It's only a moment; I am sure the time will never be missed." Ah! alas, that moments are so lightly valued. May not a useful lesson be learned from the following little story—a lesson that will teach the fables that will be used. Terms 25 cents a number, or \$3. a year. For \$1 will send the *Times* and the Lady's Book one year.

Take care of spare Moments.—A lean, awkward boy came to the door of a principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. Thoroughly eying his mean clothes and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. —— said he. "You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant, "and I can give that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I should like to see Mr. —— if he can see me."

"Some old clothes may be you want," remarked the servant, again eying the boy's patched clothes. "I guess he has none to spare—he gives away a sight."—And without minding the boy's request, the servant went about her work.

"Can I see Mr. ——" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must. He does like to be alone, sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone.

She seemed to think it very foolish to seek such a boy into her master's presence. However, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow.

Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody who is dreadfully anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself or how he opened the business; but I know that after talking a while, the principal put aside the volume that he was

studying and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer.—Every question the principal asked the boy, was answered as readily as could be.

"U! on my word," exclaimed the principal, "you do well," looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles.—"Why my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a poor, hard-working boy, with few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his spare moments. Truly are spare moments the "gold-dust of time." How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, very many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, and in the house of correction, in the gambling house, in the tipping shop, who, if you were to ask them where they began their sinful courses, might answer,

"In my spare moments."

Oh, be very careful how you spend your spare moments! The tempter always hunts you out in small seasons like these; when you are not busy, he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief! Take care of your spare moments!

The Children's Friend.

We had the pleasure of a visit, this week from our corresponding Editor, W. R. Hunter Esq., and we regret that his stay with us was so brief. Mr. Hunter has been laboring for more than a year past in Georgia and Alabama in behalf of Sunday schools and the Temperance cause and is known wherever he goes as the "Children's Friend." On last sabbath he delivered an interesting address to the children of our town in the Methodist church and was greeted with a crowd.

Where there is a Will there is a Way.

The above title says it has been well verified the past week by the indefatigable labors of Mr. W. R. Hunter, the Sabbath-school lecturer and "children's friend." Mr. Hunter arrived in our city a stranger and unknown, on Saturday the 16th inst. On Sunday morning, as his custom is, he started out to visit the Sunday-schools then in session, and before the hour of church service, had made arrangements for a union meeting of the children at the St. Francis Street Methodist Church, at 3 o'clock. P. M. when he addressed them for nearly two hours. All present seemed to be highly entertained and gratified with his lecture, and at the close an appointment was made for another lecture at the same place on Monday night. On Wednesday night he lectured at the Mission Church in the upper part of the city, and again on Friday afternoon, in the Second Presbyterian Church. At each meeting he was greeted with a full house, evidencing an increased interest on the part of the children and the dormant but ready intellect of the Southern States. It must be fairly admitted that we have not hitherto taken the warm interest in the intellectual progress of our people that is found in the Eastern States. In Cambridge, at Yale, commencement is a State jubilee; a college honor is noted and recorded; every effort at profound scholarship or literary cultivation is encouraged and applauded. With us, beyond the persons who attend a commencement in Columbia, for other purposes, who exhibits the slightest interest in its speeches, poems or orations? Who inquires what head has been crowned with academic laurels, and what new promise of intellectual distinction has dawned on the fortunes or character of the State? From this one fact we may comprehend all that stands in the way of a more active and successful career for our Southern country in the world of letters. We must take a deeper, warmer, more systematic interest in every effort and undertaking. If to oppose the beginnings of evil be a sound maxim, to encourage the commencement of every honorable attempt in Art and Science is quite as important and imperative.

There was such a large concourse of happy girls and boys that many of them were compelled to occupy the gallery. By Mr. Hunter's tact in controlling an audience of children, the utmost order was maintained throughout, and all seemed to be highly interested in the speaker's words. He was dressed in a suit of dark blue, and what was most noticeable was the frankness and坦率 with which he spoke. He was a man of great presence, and his manner was commanding. He spoke with a clear, distinct voice, and his words were easily understood. He was a man of great energy and enthusiasm, and his speech was inspiring. He was a man of great personal magnetism, and his influence was great. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace, and his manners were polished. He was a man of great physical strength, and his body was well proportioned. He was a man of great mental ability, and his mind was well developed. He was a man of great moral character, and his conduct was blameless. He was a man of great social grace

